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The Skipper's Story.

There was a gathering of masters of different craft. The conversation took an interesting turn. Many experiences were told in that convincing style so full of point which is peculiarly common among sailors.

The master of one of the smartest sea barges sailing out of London river told of 'cracking on' in the Channel, going ahead of several of his kind, till a squall blew his topsail to ribbons, and brought down his topmast, and there he was in such a mess that a tug was the only thing his heart desired. He was a smart little man, sturdy and fit, with muscles like iron, and a weather-beaten, alert face; vivid in description, and thoroughly enthusiastic and proud of his profession.

Others followed, and the atmosphere, heavy with smoke, yet seemed to reek of the salt sea and the roar of the wind. There was a master whose story of the sea was presently drawn from him by the others—a big fellow, with hair and beard almost white, and whose cheeks were peculiarly marked, which was explained later in the course of his narrative. His story was listened to by the others with more than the usual attention.

'It was when I had the "Clan William" brigantine,' he began. 'We left Newhaven for the Tyne. It was blowing hard all the way up the Channel, but it was after we left Orfordness that it came on a full gale from the North-east'ard. I thought I'd try and make Lowestoft, and run in for shelter. You may remember that gale,' he said, naming the year, and some of the skippers nodded their heads in a manner that conveyed so much.

'The fore stopm'st stays'l and fore stays'l were blown clean away. There was an ugly sea running. Every now and then she would put her head into it, and the hands had to hang on where they could for their lives. One big sea rolled aboard, carried away part of the weather sail, and smashed the boat on the main hatch.

'We held on all night, and the next morning we were close on to the sand. By then all the bulwarks were crumpled up and swept away. The hands were working the braces from aft. No one dared go forra'd, where the seas made a clean sweep of us. Another twenty minutes and we should have weathered the sand bank. It was a close thing, but the end came quite suddenly, and without any warning. She must have touched the ground. I found myself in the water swimming for life. I got hold of a piece of wreckage, managed to lash myself, and then drifted. Not a sign of another soul did I see. All hands were lost, as I afterwards learnt.

'It was rough work enough being flung about by the seas; being lashed to the wreckage saved me. Then a strange thing happened. There was a puffing and snorting close to me. It was my old dog Punch; he must have followed me ever since the "Clan William" foundered. I managed to get hold of him, and drew him on to my shoulders. I have the marks of his paws now on me, deep on both sides of my chest.

'The long hours passed slowly enough. From the top of a wave nothing was to be seen but the heave of the sea, the breaking of foam, and a leaden sky above. Then we fell down to the depths between the waves with the roar and swirl of storm waters in our ears. Darkness settled down, and night came. Often I lost consciousness, and when I came to felt Punch licking my face. A deal of the time I was unconscious.

SUDDENLY I WOKE UP, PUNCH WAS BARKING.

'And so that awful night dragged slowly by. Dawn came at last—a dawn I never expected to see. The wind lulled. The sea got smoother. From the top of a wave I could see the coast away along the horizon. Punch was limp and quiet. I was only half-conscious. It was like a horrible dream, and always there was the swirl and splashing of water about us. Seaweed clung to us, and at times the foam almost smothered us.

Then suddenly I woke up; Punch was barking. With difficulty I glanced over my shoulder. There was a brigantine not far away bearing straight for us, the faint sound of voices, of the oars in the rowlocks; it was music. They soon dragged us aboard, and there was old Tom bending over me with a strange expression on his face—a sort of wonder and almost fear, like one who sees a ghost.

Old Tom got me into his cabin. He gave me a nice piece of steak. After seventeen hours in the water I felt hungry enough, you may be sure; but it was the worst thing I could have touched. I knew that afterwards. Weak enough I felt. I had a sort of wash, and when I pulled the seaweed away from my face the skin came with it.

'In a few hours I landed. Someone went on and told the wife. When I got home she had gone to break the news to the people. All the hands belonged to Lowestoft. As I stood in the sitting-room I caught sight of myself in the glass. No wonder old Tom stared. I was another man. During that seventeen hours in the water my hair had gone as grey as you see it now, and before I hadn't a grey hair. How many years of his life can a man live in seventeen long hours?

'Well, I had four months of it in bed, but I've never been the same man since. Somehow, it knocked the pluck out of me. I've been at sea ever since, but I'm only half a man since that time.'

There was a long silence in the room. Every man knew that a similar story might be his own some day. Those who 'go down to the sea in ships' carry their lives in their hands, and who knows at what moment it may be wrested away, in spite of pluck or knowledge. But the eternal sea rolls on. Yearly it takes its toll of human lives; yearly it inflicts suffering upon human creatures—those in its cruel clutches and those who wait watching ashore.

And for ever its weird beauty calls to the heart of man, and the sound and the heave of the sea, whether in the glow of summer time or the fierce grandeur of the gale, exercise on him a strange and compelling fascination.—S. W. Hunter, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Don't peril the happiness of a life-time by a pique. Pride's chickens have many feathers, but they are an expensive brood to rear—they eat up everything, and are always lean when they are brought to market.—Alexander Smith.

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems —
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which will banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for the stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door!

—'British Weekly.'

An English 'House of Mercy.'

(F. C., in the 'Christian.')

Fifteen years ago I am told there was not a single Home in the North of England where crippled and incurable children could be admitted and cared for. To-day, thank God, there are many such Homes, and I want to take you in imagination to one to which belongs the honor of being the pioneer.

Let us suppose that we have reached the end of our journey, and have arrived at Cheetham Hill, a pleasant suburb two miles out of smoky, grimy Manchester. We pause before a large, well-built house, standing in a nice garden, and a board announces that this is Bethesda Home for Crippled and Incurable Children.

If it is a fine, warm afternoon, we shall find the children in the garden, some in the wheel-chairs, some in spinal carriages, some on crutches, while babies of all sizes occupy mail-carts and toddle about the neatly-kept lawn looking for daisies.

Over in that corner some boys are playing cricket, and in spite of such minor inconveniences as crutches, splints, etc., seem to quite enjoy their 'innings.' Here a small boy is trying to spin a top with his toes, as he has never had arms; he manages quite cleverly, and presently gives us his autograph—'Teddie'—which we have watched him write, and his writing would compare favorably with the efforts of some boys who have fingers to write with. Well done, Teddie!

As we follow the matron (whom the children call 'mother') into the house, we notice in the hall a beautiful large portrait of the late Mr. Leonard K. Shaw, the founder and for thirty-three years the hon. sec. of the Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Homes, of which Bethesda is a branch.

Mr. Shaw loved all poor, neglected children, but the suffering one lay nearest his heart; and for fourteen years Bethesda has been, as its name implies, a real 'House of Mercy' for afflicted and incurable boys and girls.

The Home holds forty, and is always more than full, while there are many suitable applicants waiting for admission. A wing is being added which will accommodate thirty more children, and many little sufferers are eagerly awaiting its completion, but £2,000 is required to finish the building and furnish it before they can be received. The wing is being built in memory of Mr. Shaw, just the kind of memorial he would have chosen.

Had we arrived in the morning we should have found most of the children in school, learning to master 'the three R's,' and other useful things. They are trained to sing beautifully, and the Bible knowledge of the elder girls is remarkable.

The house itself is very bright, and the walls are covered with pictures. We notice a large doll's-house, a big rocking-horse, a bagatelle-board, and many other objects of interest to children, all gifts from kind friends.

The children look the picture of happiness, and many visitors who come dreading to find poor, sadly-afflicted little ones are amazed at the joy and brightness they find at 'Blessed Bethesda,' as one dear old clergyman calls it.

As we think of the misery, the ignorance, the pain, the want, and the suffering caused by dirt and the lack of care that prevailed in most of the children's lives before they were admitted, and mentally contrast it all with their present lot, we thank God for such places as Manchester's Bethesda.

God's Arm Revealed.

HOW I WAS MYSTERIOUSLY LED.

(The Rev. William Watson, of London, Eng., in 'Ram's Horn.')

There are events in any life which are much more than coincidences: occurrences which are not to be explained on any known human ground. I have never been able to account for the following set of circumstances:

On a Sunday evening many years ago, I had come home after a hard day's work. I was very much fatigued and much in want of rest and quiet. I had scarcely sat down in my room when an impulse suddenly seized me to go out to the little Mission Hall where a few poor people were wont to meet together for worship under the guidance of my assistance. There was no reason known to me at the moment why I should go. The night was bleak and cold: I was exhausted: I had visited the Hall only two Sunday evenings before. It was also pointed out to me that I should not be required at the service; that probably ere I got there the service would be over and the people all gone; and that after an exceptionally long day's work it would be better for me to remain indoors. I had to resist these entreaties; the longing to go could not be stifled; and so I walked down the dark, narrow streets to the Mission room.

The audience was small; the preacher was giving out the closing hymn. Near me sat a young lady whom I knew well and who certainly was the last person I should ever have dreamed of meeting in such a place and on such a night. She was clever, intellectual, well read, skeptical; but had little or no interest in religion except as a department of inquiry like art or literature, and was not in the habit of attending such services. My assistant before closing requested me to say a few words to the people on 'faith, what it is, and what it does.' I spoke for five minutes or so on this subject in a simple fashion such as seemed suited to my uneducated audience.

When the service was over I expressed to my young lady friend the pleasure I felt in seeing her present at the meeting. There may have been an accent of surprise in my voice. Her answer I shall not forget. 'You know,' she said, 'that I do not believe in a personal God, and can find no room for Jesus Christ either in history or individual life, nor do I believe in prayer or immortality. I do not know what brought me here. I never was here before. I was sitting quietly in the drawing-room at home absorbed in an interesting book when a voice seemed to bid me rise and go to the Mission room: I at once came here. On this seat I was somehow impelled to pray that if there was a God who cared for anybody he would send you here, and make you speak about faith in the unseen. I could not believe my eyes when I saw you come in, and I could not believe my ears when I listened to you just now. It is all very perplexing and bewildering.'

We had a long conversation that night and on many nights afterwards. Slowly her unbelief crumbled away and her intellectualism thawed, and gradually and not without much mental strain 'the truth as it is in Jesus' broke upon her vision, and she gained complete rest in him.

What followed afterwards was a beautiful commentary on that experience. From being a self-enclosed nature, concerned mostly with her intellectual pursuits, she grew into a most winsome generousness of soul. Formerly timid, reticent, narrow in outlook and in duty, she now became courageous, frank, large-hearted and consecrated. She gave herself to a life among the squalid and the drunken, nursed sick children and dying women, pleaded with the careless and the fallen, and toiled unwearied for their good. Her heroism was as pronounced as were her humility and faith.

When an Atheist Acknowledged God.

There lives not more than three miles from us a noted infidel, who, at one time had a bad sore on one of his limbs. He had employed the best medical skill that he could procure, but all to no avail. When about to give up in despair some friend told him of an old physician that had recently moved into an adjoining neighborhood, who was a specialist on sores of like nature. He decided at once to give him a trial and sent for him to come at an early date and see if anything could be done to relieve, or if possible cure.

The doctor came and took the case in hand, and after giving a thorough examination, knowing the afflicted man's belief, said to him, 'Mr.——, I can save your life, but will be obliged to amputate your limb.'

The disheartened man said to the doctor, 'Oh, my God! I never can endure that in the world.'

To this the doctor replied with a gentle tap on his shoulder, 'Your God, Mr. ——, I did not know you believed in any God.' To that the sick man replied, 'I tell you, doctor, when you come down to the depth of belief, there is not a man on earth who does not believe in God.—A. C. B., in 'Ram's Horn.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

A Trouting Idyl.

A line,
A hook,
A rod,
A brook,
A man absorbed in fishing.
A cast,
A bite,
'A trout?'
'You're right.
For this I have been wishing.'

In camp
To lie
With trout
To fry,
Farewell to cares and sadness!
No care,
No strife
In such
A life.
What health and rest and gladness!

Then come
With me.
Away
We'll flee,
And spend a month together.
By stream
And lake
Sly trout
We'll take,
And sleep in stormy weather.
—'The Independent.'

Tom the Trader.

'I really think that it is time to be deciding what our Tom is to be when he grows up,' said an old woman one evening to her husband. 'He is getting to be a good big boy, and almost before we know it he will be a man.'

'I have been thinking about that a good deal of late,' replied the husband, 'and I have decided that he must be a merchant. That is about the only way that he will become rich. Now, I am a shoemaker, and a good one, but though I work early and late and live very plainly I can never get any more than our daily bread. But there is Bill Smith, whom I played with as a boy, his father was no richer than mine, but he became a merchant and is wealthy and people call him Mister Smith. Yes, Tom must be a merchant.'

'Well, it is time he was learning how,' said the wife. 'A boy must be trained in his youth if he is to succeed in his age. How in the world can he ever become a merchant unless he learns something about it now? What is a merchant, anyhow?'

'How ignorant you are, my dear,' said the shoemaker; 'a merchant is a person who sells things.'

'But how does he get things to sell?' the wife asked.

'How can he get them except by buying them!' exclaimed the shoemaker.

'Then he must have some money first,' she said.

'Yes, of course,' he replied; 'but it does not take much to begin on. Now, to-morrow I am going to begin with our Tom. I will give him $1 and tell him what to do with it and he will soon have plenty.' The old woman thought that a good plan, for she said that if the boy was ever to be rich, the sooner he began the better. So the next morning as Tom was about ready to start for school the shoemaker gave him $1, with a great many instructions as to how he should make use of it.

'I warrant you he will come home with $2, if not $3,' he said to his wife as they stood in the door and watched Tom trudging away to the school-house with his hand in his pocket tightly holding the dollar. He had scarcely ever in his life seen so much money, and felt very proud to be trusted with it, and was fully determined to buy something with it as soon as possible. 'But it must be something that I can sell again for more,' he said to himself. He had not got to the school house when he met another boy. Tom showed him the dollar and told him what he was going to do with it.

'I am glad you told me,' said the boy, 'for I have got something in my pocket that you can sell very easily,' and he took out a fine new pocket-knife. 'There,' he said, 'you know that all boys like pocket knives. They will give all the money they can get for a good one. My uncle gave me this yesterday, and as I have an old one I do not need it and will let you have it for your $1.' Tom did not know how much the knife was really worth, but it was bright and new and the best one that he had ever seen, so he gave the $1 and put it in his pocket. When he got to the school he went around to all the boys, trying to sell the knife for $1.50.

'Oh, ho! You must be a goose,' cried one of the boys. 'That knife is not worth half the money. You'll be lucky to get half a dollar for it. But I don't believe you'll get it, for you know very well that only the sons of very rich men have so much money to spend. Poor people can only spend money for what they have to have, and they can get along very well without pocket knives. Now, to help you along I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll swap you my new book-bag for the knife. It will be easy enough to sell a book-bag, for every scholar needs one.' This seemed reasonable to Tom, so the knife was soon exchanged for the book-bag. It was a very nice new one and Tom was soon trying to sell it, but none of the boys wanted to buy it. Some had no money and others said that they could get along very well carrying their books under their arms without any bag. Tom felt rather discouraged when the bell rang for the school, but presently the boy behind him whispered, 'I tell you what, Tom, I've got a beautiful picture-book in my desk that I'll swap you for your book-bag. It will be very easy to sell that. I was offered half a dollar for it only yesterday.' Tom looked at the book, and as the pictures were very pretty he made the trade and spent the time before recess looking at the pretty pictures instead of studying his lessons. At recess time he began looking for the boy who wanted to buy the book, but there was no such boy at school. One of the boys, however, admired it very much, and after turning over the leaves said:

'Say, Tom, this is a fine book and no mistake, I would like to have it for a present to my sister, but you ask far too much for it. A quarter will buy as pretty a book as that in any store. I have a large humming top which was given me at Christmas. I will swap you that for your book, and you know yourself that boys like tops much better than books. There are very few boys who will look at a book unless they have to, but all boys like to spin tops.'

'That is very true,' said Tom; 'perhaps I had better swap.' So the exchange was soon made, and Tom went about with the pretty top in his hand offering to sell it. It was very prettily painted and it hummed very musically when it was spun, but when Tom asked $1 for it the boys all laughed at him. 'Why, Smith, the merchant, has plenty of such tops as that to sell, and he only asks fifteen cents for them!'

'For my part,' said one, 'I don't care for humming tops, anyway. I much prefer a peg top. You can have a heap more fun with it. Just fancy playing peg-top with that thing. It would be ruined in a minute. Now, I have two fine peg-tops, and as it is top time now all the boys want tops. I don't need but one, so I'll swap you the other for your old hummer.'

Tom looked at the top and it was just such a one as he longed to have himself, but he never had the money to buy it. He knew that it was only worth five cents, but then he could get nothing at all for the humming top, so he concluded to exchange. Just then the school bell rang and the boys all had to go in. Tom was sitting in his seat looking at his top, when the boy in front of him whispered: 'What a silly you are, Tom, to get a top this time of the year! Don't you know that top time is about over and that it is marble time now? You will see after school. Every boy who is lucky enough to have a marble will be playing, and the tops will all be put away till next year. Now, if you had some nice marbles you might do something with them.'

'But I haven't got any marbles,' said Tom.

'Well, you have a fine top. Why don't you swap that for some marbles?'

'Have you got any to swap?' asked Tom.

'I've got some,' said the boy, 'but I don't care to part with them. But I will give you a glassy and five chinas for the top, just to oblige you.'

Tom thanked him very much for his kindness, and the trade was made. School was soon out, but instead of playing marbles, as the boy had told Tom they would, the boys all played with their tops. Tom asked some of them to play marbles, but none of those who had tops cared to play. Tom tried to sell the marbles, but nobody wanted them.

'They're no good,' said one of the boys; 'the glassy is cracked and the chinas have the painted stripes worn off of them. I wouldn't give you a cent for the whole six.'

'Well, I don't know what to do,' said Tom.

'It's too bad,' said the boy; 'I'm sorry that you are in such bad luck, and I'll take back what I said and give you a cent for the marbles. You can buy candy with that, and candy is easy to sell to boys. Every one will buy that has any money.'

So Tom took the cent and going to the store he bought a cent's worth of candy and returned to the playground to try to sell it to his companions. Unfortunately for him none of them had any money. They all of them wanted the candy and begged Tom for a taste. Tom would not give it to them. He said it was to sell and not to give away. Presently it began to grow late and the boys went away to their homes one and two at a time, until Tom was left quite alone. 'Well, if I cannot sell the candy,' he said to himself, 'at least I can eat it.' So he started for home, eating the candy as he went, and by the time he reached the gate it was all gone. When he entered the house the first thing that his parents asked was what he had done with the $1. 'Let me see your money!' said the shoemaker.

'I haven't any money,' said Tom.

'What did you do with your $1?' asked his mother.

'I bought a fine new pocket knife with it,' said Tom.

'That was good business,' said she: 'every boy would like to buy a pocket knife.'

'You sold it for a good deal of money, I suppose?' said his father.

'No; I could find nobody to buy it, so I exchanged it for a splendid new book bag.'

'What a smart boy that is!' cried his mother. 'If one thing would not sell, he exchanged it for something that would!'

'You surely got a good price for the book-bag?' said the shoemaker.

'No; nobody seemed to want a book-bag, so I traded it for a beautiful picture-book.'

'Now that's what I call common sense!' said the mother. 'A picture book is very impressive to the mind, and, besides, what would sell better in a school than a book?'

'And how much did you get for the book?' asked his father.

'Well, I didn't get any money for it,' replied Tom, 'but I did the best thing that I could. I exchanged it for a magnificent humming top.'

'How smart!' cried the mother. 'Of course a fine humming top would be more suitable than an old book, which, no doubt, was somewhat thumbed already.'

'And you got a good deal of money for the humming top, I suppose?' said the shoemaker.

'Not money, exactly,' said Tom, 'as the big boys in our school do not care for humming tops, so I traded for a peg top.'

'That was good business,' murmured the mother.

'And what became of the top?' asked the shoemaker.

'I exchanged it for some marbles, because it is not top time,' said Tom.

'What could be shrewder than that!' exclaimed the mother.

'And where are the marbles?' asked the shoemaker.

'I sold them for a cent,' said Tom.

'Oh, how smart! I knew he would prove a merchant!' said the mother.

'Let me see the cent,' said the father.

'I bought some candy with it to sell to the boys, because boys always love candy.'

'Why, that was the smartest thing yet!' cried the mother.

'And how much did you get for the candy?' asked the shoemaker.

'I couldn't sell it, so I ate it up,' said Tom.

'Of course,' said the mother. 'It would be poor business to let it go to waste!' But the shoemaker flew into a violent passion and cried: 'So, you stupid fool, you have wasted my hard-earned $1 for a mouthful of candy and eaten the candy!' A pretty merchant you will make! You will go to work to-morrow morning learning to be a shoemaker, like your father, and in the meantime you will go to bed without any supper. A dollar's worth of candy ought to stay your stomach for one day.'

The shoemaker felt very bad about the loss of his $1, but, after all, perhaps it was very well spent.—'The Picayune.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

The Farmer Feeds Them All.

The king may rule o'er land and sea;
The lord may live right loyally;
The soldier ride in pomp and pride;
The sailor roam o'er oceans wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsman fashions wondrous things;
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy or sell,
The teacher do his duty well;
The men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
Beggar or king, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
And partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses by his gain;
And if men rise or if men fall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak;
He has no gift or place to seek;
To no man living need he bow,
For he who walks behind the plough
Is his own man, whate'er befall,
Beggar or king, he feeds them all.
—Selected.

He Div.

It was a little New York boy who was fishing one day last Summer and after a time appeared before his father with a fish-line in his hand and a couple of tears in his eyes.

'What's the matter?' quizzed his papa.

'He's gone,' sobbed the youngster.

'Who's gone?' queried the father.

'A pickerel,' answered Georgie between his sobs; 'I caught him on the hook—'

'Why didn't you land him?' asked his father.

'I was landing him,' gulped the boy, 'but—but—he—unbit and div.'—Exchange.

In a Mysterious Way.

J. R. Miller told an interesting incident once in 'The Family Friend' about a Canadian surgeon as follows:

One of the most skilled of Canadian surgeons has recounted his own sharp but salutary lessons. When but a little lad the bent of his nature was plainly shown, but the death of his father, and the failure of a bank, made all but a rudimentary education impossible. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to the village carpenter, in whose employ he remained for eight years. At the end of that time he had become a skilled mechanic, but, better still, he had acquired the sterling qualities of industry and endurance. One day an accident befell him, and for a whole year he was confined to his bed. The enforced invalidism was most irksome to one of his industrious habits, but one day, in despair at his utter lack of occupation, he caught up his mother's sewing, which lay upon the bed, and essayed his skill with the needle. His hands were so broadened and coarsened by the heavy shop work that he was unable to take a stitch. His awkwardness both provoked and amused him, and he persevered until he was able to sew both quickly and well, and could relieve his mother of a large portion of her work.

About the time of his recovery a distant relative of his died, leaving him a couple of thousand dollars; and, with many misgivings as to his qualifications, he entered upon his surgical training. Suddenly the meaning of his years of discipline unfolded itself. No nervous tremor ever disturbed him. In the carpenter's shop he had gained what no university could have given him—the workman's habit of thought. He never took a surgeon's tool into his hands without feeling that a workmanlike job was to be done. He was conscious neither of himself nor his patient. In the same way he amazed his professional brothers by his delicate stitching, the like of which was seldom seen, but they ceased to marvel when they learned that his master had been that tiny shaft of steel—his mother's needle.

Tiny Tim.

(M. E. Safford, in the 'Sunday-school Times.')

A gentleman who had long been ill had at last begun to feel better and to grow stronger. When well enough to walk about the room, he could not yet leave it, and time hung heavy upon his hands. Any occurrence, however trivial, if novel, was of interest to him, and this is the story which he told me of what he saw.

One afternoon I sat in an easy-chair near the fire, my feet resting, man-like, on a narrow ledge halfway down the tall wooden mantelpiece. In the room was an organ, upon which my wife was playing. After a while she began to play, in soft, low tones, an air in a minor key. My head was thrown back against my chair, and my eyes rested on the wall above the mantel as I listened.

Presently I saw, in a hole in the plaster just over the mantel, a pair of very bright eyes peep out. Then a little head appeared, and turned cautiously about, as if inspecting the outlook. Apparently assured by the absolute quiet of the room, except for the music, soon the whole body of a tiny mouse emerged from the hole, and seated itself upon the mantel, still thoroughly alert, and ready to fly at a moment's notice. Just then my wife paused to turn a page of music, when our little visitor was off like a flash, and inside the hole.

The next afternoon I asked for the same piece of music, and seated myself in my accustomed position before the fire. I was confident the music had attracted the mouse, and I was on the lookout for him.

I soon had the satisfaction of seeing him appear and creep warily from the hole. Then he squatted down upon the mantel, and assumed a look of intense listening. He remained until again some stir put him to flight. This was repeated every afternoon, and always, at the playing of the minor strain, or something equally soft and low, mousie put in an appearance, growing bolder every day.

I scattered a few crumbs on the mantel, and he would patter about and pick them up, keeping his bright little eyes on me. Then I put a crumb on the ledge, and a train of them on the leg of my trousers. These preparations were made before he came. Tiny Tim crept to the ledge, and ate the crumb, and then very cautiously followed up the train of crumbs on my trousers, watching me intently. We called him Tiny Tim, both on account of his gentle, confiding ways, and a trick of limping he had, as if one leg had been hurt, and moved with difficulty.

Tiny Tim's visits became constant. If, however, he did not appear, and we wished for him, a few notes on the organ, and he was on hand. He became perfectly fearless, would creep in and out of the folds of a newspaper I was reading, in search of crumbs hidden there for him. He would dive into every pocket of

my dressing-gown on the same errand; and frequently, in his journeyings from one pocket to another, would dart up my shoulder and neck, across the top of my head, and down the other side. He would work his little body into my half-closed hand, in hope of finding some dainty morsel.

His visit over, and his appetite for both food and music satisfied, he would patter away to the hole in the wall, and secrete himself—where, we never knew. He preferred making trips to and fro using my leg as a bridge, always pausing at the edge to see if it was in place.

At the end of two or three months, when the weather grew hot, we left home for a visit to the seashore. We gave Tiny Tim a parting concert and feast, and bade him adieu, giving him the freedom of the room during our absence. Some necessary repairs were to be made in the room, and we neglected to tell the workmen of the room's little occupant.

When we returned, it was to find Tim's door of entrance closed and papered over. I carefully opened it with my knife, and requested my wife to play Tim's tune upon the organ. We looked and listened in vain. Our little friend never came again. Perhaps he had accused us of forgetfulness and of shutting him away from us, or perhaps he had found a little four-footed mate who supplied our places.

A Magic Square.

Shall we all die?
We shall die all.
All die shall we.
Die all we shall.

The above forms what the old necromancers called a magic square; that you may read it in six different ways; and whether you read it backwards or forwards, horizontally, or upwards, or downwards, perpendicularly, it conveys the same sense.—Exchange.

An Anecdote by Mark Twain.

Mark Twain, writing in the 'Century,' once paid a tribute to his fellow-townsman, the late James Hammond Trumbull. Mr. Clemens relates the following anecdote:

Years ago, as I have been told, a widowed descendant of the Audubon family, in desperate need, sold a perfect copy of Audubon's 'Birds' to a commercially minded scholar in America for a hundred dollars. The book was worth a thousand dollars in the market. The scholar complimented himself upon his shrewd stroke of business. That was not Hammond Trumbull's style. After the war a lady in the far south wrote him that among the wreckage of her better days she had a book which some had told her was worth a hundred dollars, and had advised her to offer it to him; she added that she was very poor, and that if he would buy it at that price, it would be a great favor to her. It was Eliot's Indian Bible. Trumbull answered that if was a perfect copy it had an established market value, like a gold coin, and was worth a thousand dollars; that if she would send it to him he would examine it, and if it proved to be perfect he would sell it to the British museum and forward the money to her. It did prove to be perfect, and she got her thousand dollars without delay, and intact.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Spelling Match.

Stand up, ye teachers, now and spell;
Spell phenakistoscope and knell,
Or take some simple word, as chilly.
Or gauger or the garden lily.
To spell such words as syllogism,
And lachrymose and synchronism,
And Pentateuch and saccharine,
Apocrypha and celandine,
Lactiferous and cecity,
Jejune and homoeopathy,
Paralysis and chloroform,
Rhinoceros and pachyderm,
Metempcychosis, gherkins, basque,
Is certainly no easy task.
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamschatka and dispensary,
Diphthong and erysipelas,
And etiquette and sassafras,
Infallible and ptyalism,
Allopathy and rheumatism,
And cataclysm and beleaguer,
Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,
And hosts of other words, are found
On English and on classic ground;
Thus—Behring's Strait and Michaelmas,
Thermopylae, Cordilleras,
Suite, hemorrhage, jalap and Havana,
Cinquefoil and ipecacuana,
And Rappahannock and Shenandoah,
And Schuylkill and a thousand more,
Are words that some good spellers miss
In dictionary lands like this.
Nor need one think himself a scroyle
If some of these his efforts foil.

—Selected.

Miss Smarty.

(Minna Stanwood, in the 'Classmate.')

The girls at the handkerchief counter of Watson, King & Co.'s were excited. You could tell that by the way they whispered and giggled, and. if the floor-walker happened to be at a safe distance, by the fact that they failed to observe so significant an object as a waiting customer.

'Yes,' one of the girls was saying, breathlessly, to the four who hung breathlessly toward her. 'Fred took me. We sat down at a quarter to eight and never got up till half-past eleven. I won this elegant chatelaine. Real seal, you know. Oh, see that old frump! Wonder what she wants.'

A supercilious stare and a yawn struggled for place on the girl's face as she waited for the 'old frump' to make her need known. She had a sweet face and a kind voice, if her clothes were old-fashioned, but of course the smart saleslady did not care to notice such things.

'I wonder if I could find a couple of wide-bordered, hemstitched handkerchiefs? Have you anything of that sort?'

'How wide?' The saleslady had taken on her 'stand and deliver' tone. This was evidently not an 'old frump,' but also an old fuss, and she must not be indulged too much.

'Well, about—a—two inches wide, I should say,' faltered the abashed customer.

'Hemstitched two inches wide! Haven't had those for years! Yes'—the haughty tone suddenly became genial—'we had an elegant time. I was the only lady who won anything. Three of the gentlemen won——'

'I beg your pardon, but would you please look?' It was the timid voice of the 'old frump.' 'I hate to trouble you, but I have bought my handkerchiefs here for a number of years, and they always have had the kind I want.'

The customer's eyes fell before the outraged mien of the saleslady. 'I have told you, lady, that we don't carry them. I never saw a handkerchief with a two-inch hemstitched border. They may have had them in this store fifty years ago. All we carry now are those you see on the counter. Twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, any price you want to pay. We have ten-cent ones, too.'

Thereupon the saleslady turned her back, oblivious of the fact that the customer still lingered, and began another chapter.

A young girl farther down the counter had just handed a customer her change, and, seeing disappointment on the face of the 'old frump,' said, kindly, 'was there something special you wanted, madam?'

The 'lady smiled gratefully. 'Oh, thank you. I wanted a hemstitched border two inches wide, but I dislike to trouble you. The other—a—lady said you didn't carry them.'

'I'll see. I think I've seen some of those handkerchiefs. Oh, it's no trouble, madam. We're hired to show the goods, you know.'

Box after box the girl took down, deftly and cheerfully, and then she stood a moment thinking. Suddenly a light broke over her face, and she stepped on the rung of her stool to reach the highest shelf.

'Those are just what I want,' declared the customer, delighted. 'Two, please.'

The elderly lady, in clothes unfashionable though fine, took her package and said, with old-fashioned courtesy, as she departed, 'I am greatly obliged to you, my dear.'

'Well, Teresa Davis, if you're not fresh to put down all those boxes for two fifty-cent handkerchiefs,' observed the smart saleslady, as the girl called Teresa bent to the task of rearranging stock.

The next morning the smart saleslady was interrupted by the floorwalker in the midst of a glowing account of another whist party.

'Mr. White wants to see "14" and "23" in the office,' he announced.

Miss Smarty and Teresa Davis looked at each other in amazement, and then passed on to the superintendent's room.

When they came out Miss Smarty's eyes were red and swollen and Teresa Davis walked quietly with a sad little smile.

'It was that old two-inch-border frump,' sobbed Miss Smarty, angrily, to her sympathizing friends behind the counter. 'She's Watson's wife and she's sick most of the time, and she only gets out once in a dog's life, to buy handkerchiefs, I suppose, and she told Watson that I was rude to her, so I get all through on Saturday night. And the old thing asked as a special favor to her that Teresa Davis be marked for promotion right away.'

'It 's a mean shame!' commented the girls, but they were careful to 'look alive' just then, for several customers were approaching.

Times are Changed.

'How's this?' said the farmer, who was reading a letter from his son at college. 'Come here, Betsy. Harold Howard Augustus writes home that he wants money to pay his fencing bill. What an airth does the boy mean?'

'I s'pose it's the college pastur' or somethin', Matthew. There's so many pernicketty things the poor boys at college have to do.'

'Ho! ho! It's lessons in fencing he wants to pay for. Wall, now, that do beat all. I've been fencing for forty years, and I never had to go to college to learn how.'

'But times are changed, Matthew. Fences ain't made as they was when we clim'd 'em in Root Hollow.'

'I expect that's so,' said the old man, very thoughtfully. 'He don't say whether it's a rail fence or a wire one, but I reckon he'll learn both ways. But I never thought a boy of mine would have to go to college to learn fencing. Times are changed.—'The Epworth Herald.'

The School for Emperors.

(Howard Angus Kennedy, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER II.—Continued

(Concluded.)

With a good deal of trouble, by the aid of 'them nippers,' the Emperor broke off a big piece from the slab, and gave it into the little girl's hand; but the man, who was leaning against the shop door, called out roughly: 'You've given her a penn'orth,' and made out exactly two ounces in the brass scales. A good many little boys and girls came in on their way to school, and pretty soon the Emperor had learned the prices of all sorts of sweets, and how much change to give when he wanted to subtract twopence-halfpenny from a shilling. Then the man loaded up a hand-barrow and went off to sell sweets on the street, just warning his wife to see that 'Jack' didn't make any more mistakes.

When dinner-time came the Emperor could not eat a morsel. Still, when he got back to the shop he went on tasting the sweets, and by tea-time he felt so ill that he could hardly stand. When the man came home he found his wife behind the counter, and Jack groaning miserably on the straw underneath it. 'I thought so,' said the man; 'he's pretty safe not to eat any more sweets as long as he's here.' The Emperor thought so too. However, he felt better after a few hours' rest, and was just able to stagger out when the order came to shut up shop. The red-haired boy had come home by this time, and his father ordered him to go and help Jack with the shutters. This put him in a very bad temper, so the Emperor got a few more punches and kicks before the shutters were all up.

Then the children were called in to supper, and the red-haired boy, still in a bad humor, pulled his sister's hair. The little girl began to cry, and the Emperor, forgetting for the moment that she was only a common little girl, told the red-haired boy to stop. 'Oh,' said the young rascal, 'you've found your tongue, have you?' and pulled his sister's hair all the harder. Then the Emperor actually hit him—yes, hit him—right on the nose with his imperial little fist. It was the red-haired boy's turn to be surprised now, and he flew at the Emperor like a ferocious young tiger. The Emperor stood well up to him, but it was no good; the other boy was too strong, and in half a minute sent the Emperor flying out of doors with a pair of black eyes. He ran at the top of his speed down the street, not thinking where he was going, only bent on escaping from such a den of savages. He ran and he ran, till at last he nearly ran into—the little old woman.

'Very good!' said she. 'Very good, indeed! You have passed your first Standard, so now you shall be promoted. This is the way, my dear.'

She led the way into a narrow paved courtyard, turned into a doorway, up a stone stair, knocked at a door, and said: 'This is the second class, my dear.' Then the door opened and she vanished.

CHAPTER III.

By the light of a tallow-dip on a three-legged table he soon discovered a poor man lying huddled up in a heap of rags on the floor. The poor man turned, opened his eyes, and seeing the boy said feebly: 'Hullo, who are you?'

'The Emperor Maximus,' said the boy.

'Who did you say you was?' said the poor man.

And the Emperor said: 'They call me Jack.'

'Glad to see yer, whatever they call yer,' said the man. 'Have yer brought anythink with yer?'

'No,' said Jack, 'I came away in a hurry; and I didn't have anything to bring. What do you want?'

'I want a doctor, for one thing,' said the man, 'only I can't afford one; and I want something to eat.'

The little Emperor was surprised to find tears trickling down his cheeks, which he wiped away with his knuckles, for he could not find a handkerchief in his pocket, and said, 'I am very sorry. I will go and try and get something for you.'

'Bless yer little heart, youngster,' said the man. 'You're a good sort, you are.'

The Emperor went out into the street, but he had not the least idea where he could get what the poor man wanted. He had not stood there a minute when he saw the little old woman standing on the other side and ran to her, though it was very muddy.

'Very good,' said she, 'very good! I know what you want. Just come with me.'

She took him into a wide avenue, and put a broom into his hand. 'There, my dear, you sweep that crossing, and earn a little something for the sick man.'

The Emperor was glad enough now that he had learnt to use a broom, and he used it with such a will that in five minutes he had the best-swept crossing in the avenue. He had hardly finished, when one of his own lords-in-waiting came across, and his lordship was so pleased at not having to dirty his patent-leather shoes, that he gave the Emperor a shilling and did not wait for the change. The Emperor at once ran into a chemist's shop and asked for a shilling's-worth of anything they had for a sick man. The chemist opened his eyes very wide and said: 'What is the matter with him, my boy?'

'I don't know,' said the Emperor. 'He is very sick and very hungry, and he hasn't got anything at all.' The chemist put some beef jelly in his pocket and a hat on his head, and told the boy to show him the house. The Emperor led the way into the poor man's room. 'What is the matter with you?' said the kind chemist.

'Starvation,' said the man, 'no more and no less.'

'Oh!' said the chemist. 'Well, you eat this, just a morsel at a time, and I'll see what more can be done for you. Now, my boy,' he went on, writing on a bit of paper, 'you take this to Mrs. Davidson's. She's a wonderfully good woman, and I know she'd never allow a man to starve within a mile of her, if she knew it.' The Emperor did as he was told, and no sooner had he knocked than the door was opened by—the little ugly old woman. 'Very good!' said she. 'Very good indeed! You have passed the second Standard with honors. If you keep on as well as you have begun, you can go home at the end of the term.'

'Why, how many Standards are there?' said Maximus, with a rather woebegone look on his dirty little face.

'At any common school there are five-and-twenty,' said the little old woman, 'though most of the boys and girls only get a dozen or so, and some of them take many years even to pass the first. As for you, Maximus,' she went on, 'there are something like a thousand Standards at my school for emperors.'

The boy started, and nearly cried. 'Why, I shall never get through,' he said, mournfully. 'It's no use trying.'

'No,' said the old woman; 'if you pass your twenty-fifth Standard this term I shall let you go back to the palace and continue your studies there. At least, I shall let you live there: I am quite sure that you won't stay there all the time, cooped up among courtiers and that sort of folk. But now I must be off to look after your patient.'

'Can't I go with you?' said the Emperor. 'Wouldn't you like me to stay there, in case he wants anything in the night? You see,' he went on, holding up his imperial little head as high as it would go, 'you see, he's one of my people.'

'Very good!' said the old woman. 'I would not have asked you to do it; but as it's your own idea you shall. You will be very tired by morning, but you'll have passed your third Standard, and then you can be off and look for Standard IV. You won't have any trouble in finding it.'

So that night the Emperor spent curled up in a corner of the sick man's room. Very hard he found the planks; but he answered cheerfully whenever the poor man called, and when the time came for him to leave in the morning he marched through the streets whistling—yes, actually whistling—till he got into the country. For three long months he tramped from cottage to cottage and town to town. He never had any trouble in finding his Standards, and some of them were very difficult; but they seemed to get easier and easier, and he had almost forgotten even to want to get back to the palace—when, all of a sudden, one day, when he thought his road was leading right into the heart of an immense and gloomy forest, he passed out at the other side and found himself in the palace grounds. There was his mother, sitting on a marble seat, looking through a pile of dry papers that the Prime Minister had brought her to sign.

'Run away!' said the horrified Prime Minister when he spied a ragged little boy marching boldly into the royal presence. But the Empress-mother looked up, and knew her boy at once, and ran and stooped down and kissed him and hugged him.

If the Prime Minister and all the courtiers had only known where he had been, and what sort of adventures he had had! Nobody knew that, except the Emperor himself, and the Empress-mother, and a little old woman who used to come bringing standard rose-bushes for his Majesty's garden. The Emperor used to plant them with his own hands; and before he was anything like ninety-nine years old people used to say, 'There was never such a rose-garden as that in all the world: and there was never such an Emperor as his Majesty!'

Lift thy head, throw off thy sadness,
Never let the joy-buds chill;
If thou nurse each germ of gladness,
Gladness all thy life may fill.

—From the Danish.

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'The Colonials and the Flag*.'

(By Mrs. Keane.)

Approved by His Majesty the King.

Under the patronage of the Earl of Minto, former Governor-General, and of Earl Grey, present Governor-General of Canada.

(Recommended by the Superintendents and Ministers of Education for use in the Public Schools and other Educational Institutions of the Dominion.)

I.

Not the least were they of the Empire's hosts
When her need called her sons to fight
To maintain the freedom the old flag boasts—
The flag that has waved o'er chill Northlands
And plains 'neath the Southern Cross
That has glory won on desert sands
And isles 'round which oceans toss.
For the Empire's defenders, hurrah!
They have shown us once more how her heroes fight
When the Old Flag unfurls, for honor and right.

CHORUS.

And hurrah for the dear old Union Jack!
The flag of the brave and free,
May it never bulwarks or true hearts lack
To defend it by land or sea;
May it never be left to the weakling's hand
Who counsels surrender and ease,
But be guarded with honor on the land
And reign glorious on the seas.

II.

The flag that has taught through blood and tears.
The lessons freedom decrees,
The flag 'that has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.'
The flag that tyrants and wrongs defied
That with precious blood is stained,
Men who bravely dared and nobly died
For the rights that that flag maintained.
For the Empire's defenders, hurrah!
They have shown us once more how her heroes fight
When the Old Flag unfurls, for honor and right.

*Used by special permission of the author.

'Dominion Day.'

(The Rev. W. T. Gunn, in Speech made to Congregational Union, June, 1904.)

Awed by the greatness of the Motherland of mighty history and empire, surpassed by the greater growth of our older sister, the United States, we Canadians have taken our joy in our National Birthday in somewhat shamefaced fashion.

We do well to love the Motherland,

'For we have British hearts and British blood,
That leap up, eager, when the danger calls!
Once and again, our sons have sprung to arms
To fight in Britain's quarrel. . . .
Nor do we ask but for the right to keep
Unbroken, still, the cherished filial tie
That binds us to the distant sea-girt isle
Our fathers loved and taught their sons to love,
As the dear home of free men, brave and true.

Yet there awakes in the joyous young life of the Dominion the consciousness that Canada

'Though daughter in her mother's house,
Is mistress in her own.'

and in the dawning knowledge of our land and ourselves find something to be gladly proud of even in comparison with the United States, and see

'Here, in Canadian hearth and home and name
The name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land.'

But to love our land we must know it. One of the grandest figures in history is that of Abraham the 'seer,' to whom God promised a country, who left his old homeland and by faith looked for the land as it was, and saw it as it was to be, the place of the King of Kings, and a blessing to all nations. We, too, need in these young days of our land to be 'seers,' men and women who can see the greatness of the land God has given us and the greatness of his plans for it, and who by faith can give themselves to the realization of his mighty purposes.

Take out your map,—a world map! Then lift up your eyes and look! See that the Kingdom—Empire—Republic of France could be set down in our Province of Quebec and still leave room. See that Germany could be placed within our Province of Ontario and not fill it. See that Russia, European Russia, could be put in our North-West, and even then be bolstered in with all sorts of petty kingdoms. See that the other kingdoms could be put in our other provinces east and west, and still there would be room, for Turkey could be put in the waters of our great lakes and be brought up again with a purer administration. Now, do you see that in that strange world-wide word 'Dominion,' with its provinces, we have a Continent of Kingdoms. For Canada is as large as all Europe, and our Provinces are as their proudest kingdoms.

And such a land! Watered by the Lord our God with gloriously clear and strong rivers, whose mountains are gold and iron, and whose hills are copper. Whose boundaries are the oceans and from the river to the ends of the earth. Rich with the fisheries of both coasts, with vast forests waving to the wind, praisies goldden with the finest of wheat. What does it all mean? Look again! See that we have land enough capable when under cultivation of supplying Great Britain with grain sixty times over. See the great inland valleys hardly yet touched, that of the Saskatchewan alone having been estimated as capable of supporting a population of over two hundred million.

Look again! See that from west to east our land is in the temperate zone, where the climate helps most to breed strong races, and forever keeps from us the great problem of a mixed people and a colored population.

Look again, and be glad that you can say this is a law-abiding land and that since our flag has floated upon it there has never been an Indian war and never the stain of a 'lynching.' Let us keep it so.

'It is a land that freemen till,
That sober suited Freedom chose;
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will.'

Look once more upon the map, and this time listen to the trampling of many feet. Last year there came into our land 130,000 people, and of these 30,000 were the pick of the farmers of the North-Western States. Do you see what that means? The tide has turned our way. Last century the United States began with 5,000,000, and ended with 90,000,000. We begin this century with 5,000,000. Where shall we end? For they come quicker now than they did then. Where our grandfathers took from six weeks to three months to cross the ocean, they come in six days. The tide flows faster than it did a century ago. Hail to them all! There is room as they bring each their contribution to our national life:

'The English honor, nerve and pluck, the Scotman's love of right;
The grace and courtesy of France, the Irish fancy bright.
The Saxon's faithful love of Home, and Home's affections blest;
And, chief of all, our holy faith, of all our treasures best,
A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the people that it leads.'

And when this coming people shall have filled this land, what shall our Dominion be among the nations? As Sir Wilfrid Laurier says: 'I have faith in my country.'

But there is more to come. This time look upon your map with history in hand, and, as Tennyson said:

'Love thou thy land with love far brought
From out the storied past and used
Within the present but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.'

Follow with beating heart those dauntless French explorers, Marquette, De la Salle, Champlain, as they ascend rivers and open the continent. Hear the ice crashing as the Saxon stock flings itself upon the North and Hudson, Baffin, Frobisher and Franklin leave their lives and names with our land.

See these brave Jesuit Fathers, Breboeuf, Lallemand and Daniel, as they suffer martyrdom rather than desert their flocks. Time would fail to tell of Madeline de Verchères, Madame de la Tour, Daulac des Ormeaux and the heroes of the 'old régime.' Pass on with Montcalm, Wolfe and Brock to newer days, and remember that while it becomes us to rejoice that in the War of Independence the United States, led by men of British birth and descent, fought for liberty, and won it gloriously for England and for us as for themselves, that when having forgotten this, they in turn strove to conquer us in Canada, to take from us the liberty they sought for themselves, they were most gloriously beaten. As was indeed well both for them and for us; and Lundy's Lane, and Queenston Heights, and Chateauguay have a story to tell that we and all true lovers of freedom may rejoice in. Yes, look at the map and see that the only nation in the world that ever came out on top of the United States was our Canada, a distinction that is, we hope, to be our's alone for centuries to come.

So there you see what lies hidden in the words 'Dominion Day,' and what forces and possibilities sprang into national life on July 1, 1867.

God is building here a nation upon a glorious foundation, the ground plan larger than any of the Empires of old, a continent in itself. The tide of people flows in faster and faster. What shall the nation so builded be?

'The strength of a nation is the character of the average citizen.' In all love and loyalty, in all pride and brotherhood, with all courage and patience, we under God must see to that. A great land with a greater future worthy of a great love and greater sacrifice.

'Long may Canadians bear thy name
In unity and pride.
Their progress, like thy rushing streams,
Roll a resistless tide;
Their heart be tender as the flowers

That o'er the valley grow,
Their courage rugged as thy frost
When winds of winter blow.
Their honor brilliant as thy skies
And stainless as thy snow.'

Midsummer.

Ah, what a wealthy world it is
At midsummer!
The very skies are dispensing bliss,
The earth is a garden for you, your own,
You may bring your people, or come alone;
There are graceful grasses to kiss your feet,
Roses around you, and woodbine sweet,
And there is not a foot of the generous land
That has not gift for your heart or hand
At midsummer!

Come away from the world of men
At midsummer!
Hasten back to the land again,
Rest, you can choose from a thousand bowers,
Smell the hay, and gather the flowers,
Sing with the lark, brood with the dove
On light and beauty, on heaven and love,
Live without labor, or strife, or greed,
For there is a life that is life indeed
At midsummer!

Were ever such nights as these you know
At midsummer?
There is no dark, and the sunset's glow
Waits for the silver light of the morn,
And dawn comes after it, swift and soon,
While calmly over the singing sea
Breaks the day of a blessing yet to be,
And the heart is filled with an exquisite love
For the earth below and the heaven above
At midsummer!

Peace is perfect, for God is near,
At midsummer,
All that is lovely becomes more dear,
For He comes with us the way we take
By golden cornfield or laughing lake,
And we walk with Him, as His friends of yore,
Over mountain, or moorland, or shining shore,
And we pray Him to comfort the sick and sad,
And thank Him for making the world so glad
At midsummer.

—Marianne Farningham, in the 'Christian World' (London).

A Dominion Day Programme for the Sunday School.

[There is abundant Scriptural warrant for the teaching of patriotism. Why, then, should it not oftener find a place in the Sunday-schools? Believing that many schools would gladly give a special tone to the session of July 2, the Sunday after Dominion Day, we give the following programme. It is simple, would take no more time than the ordinary exercises, could be carried out with almost no preparation beforehand, and would serve as a beginning for the annual observance of the occasion.]

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME.

A Canadian flag or plain Union Jack could be draped across the back of the platform, and a few smaller flags arranged about the room. A supply of flowers, preferably those from our own woods, with branches of maple, would form suitable decorations.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Hymn—'God Save our Gracious King.'

Responsive Reading—Psalm cxlv.

Prayer—For King and Empire. For the Dominion. For purity and honor in public and private life. For the world-wide recognition of God's Dominion above all human sovereignty.

Scripture Selections—(The Superintendent to call for each selection from a different class. One pupil, or the teacher, to recite the selection from memory, or to read clearly and distinctly. For this purpose, slips containing the reference to be given out before school, so that the place may be ready and no time be lost.)

Dan. iv., 34, 35—At the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the most High, and I praised and honored him that liveth forever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion and his kingdom from generation to generation: And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing, and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand or say unto him, What doeth thou?

Dan. vi., 25, 26—Then King Darius wrote unto all people, nations and languages, that dwell on all the earth, Peace be multiplied unto you. I make a decree, That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel: for he is the living God, and steadfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end.

Dan. vii., 13, 14—I saw in the night visions and behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days and they brought him near before him. And then was given unto him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.

I. Tim. ii., 1, 2—I exhort herefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men: For kings and all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

I. Peter ii., 13-17—Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evildoers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: As free and not using your liberty for a cloke of maliciousness, but as the servants of God. Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the king.

Zech. ix., 10 (last half)—He shall speak peace unto the heathen: and his dominion shall be from sea to sea and from the river even unto the ends of the earth.

Hymn—'O God of Bethel, by whose hand.'

Lesson—As per regular scheme.

Usual School Routine—Reports, etc.

Closing Exercises.

Hymn—'O God, our help in ages past'; or, 'Lord, while for all mankind we pray.'

(See below.)

Repeat in concert by school—

Ps. lxxxv., 9—Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him: that glory may dwell in our land.

Ps. lxxxv., 12—Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

Ps. cxliv., 15—Happy is that people, that is in such a case. Yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

Closing Hymn—'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name (Tune, 'Miles Lane.')

Hymn.

(Suggested Tune: 'Dumferline.')

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the Nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou our refuge and our trust,
Our everlasting Friend.

—Wreford.

Why are Canadians so Loyal?

(The Rev. Dyson Hague, London, Ont., in the London 'Free Press.')

Empire Day and Victoria Day have come and gone. Again the flags have been waving and the fireworks blazing, and the people of Canada, to the astonishment of some of their republican neighbors, have been showing their loyalty to a distant King. As it seems so strange to them that we should continue to uphold a monarchy, we would like to give some of the reasons why we, as Canadian people, will yield to none in our loyalty to the throne.

We yield it on the grounds, first of all, of Scripture and tradition. We are no longer upholders of the doctrine of a Divine right of kings, which divorced them from the duties of constitutional government. But we believe that as Christians we are under the government of God, and are bound to duty to our earthly rulers; that in the constitutional sovereignty of the crown of England, which is so impotent for evil and so potent for good, we have a type of that ancient monarchy of the Scriptures which was ordained of God for the governance of his people. 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' and we recognize in the limited monarchy which we enjoy a government which is in concord with the mind and will of the King of Kings.

By tradition also we are loyal. The British monarchy is great with the growth of ages, and is inwrought by traditional and inherited sentiment into the very fibre of our national life. It is part of the creed of a Briton. It is like his love for his mother and his home, and in Canada, though sundered by severing seas, we conserve our affection for that crown. We have changed our residence, but we have not changed our citizenship. We have changed our home, but not our affection. We are citizens of the Empire, and over us still floats old England's flag. For

'We follow on the gleam of an ancient splendid dream,
That has freedom for its fabric, and justice for its theme;
The Britons of five continents, who take their rule from none,
God's Bible for our standard, Christ's glory for our sun.'

But our loyalty to the throne is not based entirely on the grounds of tradition and sentiment. It is the loyalty of intelligence and liberty. We honor the King because we firmly believe with a modern writer that our constitutional monarchy, beyond any other form

of government, has succeeded in uniting 'progress with stability, the energy of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity,' and that while the sovereign represents on the one hand the stability of the throne, and the centre of an Empire's devotion, he stands also as the representative of that constitutional government of the people, by the people, and for the people, which is the glory of a free and liberty-loving nation.

We are not bound to Great Britain by the bonds of compulsion. We are not as the conquered subjects of Darius, and Alexander, and Caesar of old. We are free. We smile at the idea that across yon border men breathe the breath of liberty, while British subjects as poor 'Albion's helots toil till death.' We are free! And it is because we are free that we are lovers of our monarchy. Intelligently, calmly, practically, we have considered the various forms of possible government, republican, oligarchical, and monarchical, and we have deliberately as an educated nation selected constitutional monarchy as that form of government under which the highest 'form of real and personal liberty, fraternity, and security, is attainable. We firmly believe that 'the political system of the British Empire is more frankly democratic than that of any republic. In other words, the will of the people, the popular verdict of the constituencies is much more rapidly carried into effect and transmitted into legislative enactments than even in the United States.'

It is our firm conviction also, that while we possess, as citizens of the Empire, all those rights and privileges which the most advanced, most civilized sons of liberty could desire, we have also in the person of the Sovereign and the institution of the throne a guarantee of stability and impartiality and dignity and unity that never can be secured in a non-monarchical nationality. England is not an aristocratic despotism, nor is the British throne one that is based, like that of Napoleon Bonaparte, on despotic power, or guaranteed or perpetuated as that of the Emperor Augustus, by the might of militarism. It is a throne that is guarded by an innumerable and unconquerable standing army; but it is the standing army not of soldiers, but of subjects: the hearts and loves and lives of the men and women and children of the Empire through the world:

'A throne unshaken still.
Broad based upon the people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.'

The power of the British throne lies in influence, not interference; in conciliation, not in dictation. Its glory is not the enjoyment of its dignities so much as the discharge of its duties. Therein lies its glamor. There is the secret of its mystic charm.

For the King represents the constitution. He is the first subject of God, and the highest servant of the law. He is the nation's leader in loyalty to justice, order, and constitutional government. As the primary obligation of a free state is self government, the King as the head of our state is the trustee of all its rights, the guardian of all its liberties, the representative of our national responsibilities, the safeguard of our international reputation. As the leader, therefore, of a nation distinguished for its love of law, and liberty, the rights of conscience, and the fear of God, he must declare himself conscientiously and professedly as the champion of the great principle of constitutional liberty, and the advocate of a limited as opposed to an unlimited monarchy. He must govern, not capriciously, but according to the constitution. But he is also the head of a nation that as a nation is God-fearing, Christian, and Protestant. He must, therefore, as the leader and governor of that nation, not only do all in his power to promote the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number of his subjects in all things pertaining to their temporal interests in the augmentation of their material wealth by the promotion of their individual rights, he must on solemn oath declare that he will 'to the utmost of his power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law.'

It was in this spirit, in devotion to this ideal that our late beloved Queen, Victoria the Great and Good, consecrated her womanly and noble Christian life.

'She wrought her people lasting good;
'Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen;'
'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the season, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bonds of freedom wider yet.'

Now she is gone. But she has left us rulers of her blood; and this day her son is on her throne, trained by that peerless and that praying mother in respect for the ideals and the principles of the British constitution; inheriting in no small measure that consummate tact of which his royal mother seemed so wonderful a mistress; sympathizing along with his noble wife in the joys and sorrows, the pursuits and ambitions of his people both at home and beyond the seas, and already bound to the great masses of the Empire by his touching and sincere resolve; the Magna Charta of his life's ambition.

'My constant endeavor will be always to walk in the footsteps of my beloved mother. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a Constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and as long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people.'

These are some of the reasons why Canadians are so loyal to the throne. We have indeed a noble heritage as a nation. To us Canada is of all lands the first and best. It is a land of plenty, and a land of promise. But what has in large measure made it great, and what will make it greater is the spontaneous loyalty of her free and intelligent sons to those splendid ideals of freedom, righteousness and justice; of home, and truth, and law and order, which are the imperishable birthright of every Briton, and find their perpetual guarantee in the safeguards of the constitution, the person of the Sovereign, and the traditions of our imperial throne.

Dominion Day.

(By 'Fidelis.')

With 'feu-de-joi' and merry bells, and cannon's thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel,
We greet, again, the birthday morn of our young giant's land,
From the Atlantic stretching wide to far Pacific strand;
With flashing rivers, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and mountains by the sea;
A country on whose birth-hour smiled the genius of romance,
Above whose cradle brave hands waved the lily-cross of France;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain, and woe;
Whose gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian snow;
When savage raid and ambuscade and famine's sore distress,
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush the dauntless French 'noblesse';
When her dim, trackless forest lured, again and yet again,
From silken courts of sunny France, her flower, the brave Champlain.
And now, her proud traditions boast four blazoned rolls of fame,—
Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes our ancestors we claim;
Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years,
While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to pruning-hooks their spears;
Four nations welded into one,—with long historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds, one common life, at last;
Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,
There runs a throb of conscious life—of waking energy.
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Columbia's shore,
She wakes,—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more,
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,
A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.
Hers be the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins;
The English honor, nerve, and pluck,—the Scotsman's love of right,—
The grace and courtesy of France,—the Irish fancy bright,—
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections blest;
And, chief of all, our holy faith,—of all our treasures best.
A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the people that it leads;
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now, to leave their impress there,—
The stamp of true nobility, high honor, stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife;
The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of life;
The love of Science, soaring far through Nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of Nature's God—a nation's highest praise.
So, in the long hereafter, this Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty;
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds.
True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story;
Strong, in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.

A CANADIAN FLAG
OVER EVERY SCHOOLHOUSE IN CANADA

LETTERS OF TESTIMONY.

Cochrane School, High Bluff, Man.,
May 25.

Dear Sirs,—On 'Empire Day,' May 23, we celebrated the hoisting of our flag. A programme of patriotic songs by the children, and addresses by the trustees and others was given in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience.

The trustees and parents are highly satisfied with the beautiful new flag, and I am sure our children felt nobly repaid as they watched the flag rise and float over their school. They have looked forward to the day with pride and pleasure and it will not be forgotten for many a year.

We are proud to say that ours is the first rural school in this vicinity, that we know of, which has a flag waving over it. But I hope it may be a stimulus to others. In fact I know it will be. We fully appreciate the noble work of the 'Witness' in making this generous offer to schools, and feel that you will be rewarded in seeing truer Canadian citizens in our boys and girls.

We would be glad to send you a photograph and hope to do so before July 1, but the trustees wish to make some improvements before we have it taken.

Regarding school library, we have already a very good one, and at present do not wish to add to it.

Yours most gratefully,
MARY CADMAN.

Hudson Heights, May 22, 1905.

Gentlemen,—I am delighted with the flag, which reached me this evening, in good time to be hoisted for Empire Day. Please accept thanks. If I succeed in getting a picture of the school, I shall be pleased to send you one.

I have selected 'With Buller in Natal,' by Henty, price $1.00, from the catalogue you sent. Again thanking you for your handsome premium, I am,

Sincerely yours,
M. INA ROWAT.

Clarke's Harbor, N.S., June 12, 1905.

Gentlemen,—Kindly accept hearty thanks of teachers and pupils for the excellent flag which we received yesterday. It far exceeded our expectations in every respect.

You certainly deserve much credit for the work you are doing.

Everyone is pleased with papers.

Yours most sincerely,
ARTHUR D. FOX, Principal.

Kamloops, B.C., May 17, 1905.

Dear Sir,—The flag arrived in good order a few days ago. It is in every way satisfactory. We are all very much pleased with it. The pupils saw me coming with the parcel and immediately there was great excitement,

THE HEAD BOY FOR THE WEEK HOISTING THE FLAG.

but on opening the parcel their enthusiasm almost passed beyond bounds. There is no doubt of their being good, loyal Canadians, and that you have helped them along this line.

The trustees have called and express themselves very much pleased, promising the best flag pole they can get. I hope to get you a picture of the school before very long.

Thanking you for enabling me to place so fine a flag in this school.

I am yours truly,
ALLAN BENNETT.

Chelsea, Que., May 16, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I write on behalf of your little friends Angus Taylor and Osborne Lackey, and on behalf of the Chelsea School, to thank you for the fine Canadian flag you sent as a premium for subscription list. All who have seen the flag are delighted with it. The teacher is very proud of it.

The Commissioners will, I think, erect a flag pole, and we hope to send you a photo of the school with flag hoisted, before long.

I always speak a good word for your publications where I have opportunity. I think there are none to equal them in Canada.

Yours faithfully,
(REV.) J. A. LACKEY.

[The little boys mentioned above, aged seven and eight years, themselves earned the two-yard flag, and presented it to the school. —Flag Editor.]

THE 'WITNESS' DIAMOND JUBILEE FLAG OFFER.

	Per Year.	
DAILY WITNESS	$3.00	Latest News, Market and Stock Reports, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Dept., Boys' Page, Queries on all Subjects, etc., etc. A clean business and home newspaper.
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WORLD WIDE	$1.50	A weekly reprint of all the best things in British and American papers. An up-to-date eclectic.
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NAVAL FLAGS, sewn bunting, standard quality and pattern, to be given as SPECIAL PREMIUMS for bona-fide NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS at regular rates. Only by specially importing them can we offer them on the following liberal terms:

For	$18.00	in subscriptions,	at above rates,	we give	4-yard	Flag,	retail value,	$10.00	to $13.00.
"	12.00	"	"	"	3	"	"	7.00	" 9.00.
"	9.00	"	"	"	2½	"	"	5.00	" 5.50.
"	6.00	"	"	"	2	"	"	3.75	" 4.50.

Special terms quoted for larger flags on application.

If your school does not need another flag, we will give instead patriotic books for your library. Write for particulars.

This offer is made specially for Schools, public or private, but Sunday Schools, Clubs, Societies or Communities, are free to take advantage of it. Assist us by making this widely known

THIS OFFER HAS BEEN EXTENDED UNTIL NOV. 1, 1905.

N.B.—Since our first issue we have added the 4 yd. flag to our stock sizes. See offer above.

GET TO WORK NOW AND SECURE YOUR FLAG DURING THE SUMMER.

THIS OFFER IS NO MONEY MAKING SCHEME FOR US. WHAT WE WANT IS TO STIMULATE PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT. WE WANT OUR BOYS AND GIRLS TO GROW UP LOYAL TO OUR COUNTRY AND ITS FLAG.

FOR SAMPLES, ETC., ADDRESS "FLAG DEPARTMENT," JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL.

Pauline's June Walk.

(Concluded.)

Uncle Max talked with the man in the office, and then he said to Pauline, 'We will go upstairs now.'

Such funny stairs as they were! On one side there was a narrow flight, ever so much narrower than the back stairs at home, and beside it was what Pauline called 'the floor going up hill.' Uncle Max said it was the horses' stairway.

'Is this the June walk, Uncle Max?'

At the head of the stairs Pauline saw a great room filled with dogs of all kinds and sizes. She had never seen so many dogs in her life, and they were all sick.

'What's the matter with this fellow?' asked Uncle Max, as he stroked the head of a big St. Bernard.

'Oh, he's sent here every week for a bath,' replied the boy who showed them around. 'You see, he makes a fuss about it at home.'

Pauline suddenly remembered that she did not always like to take her bath. What if mamma should send her to an hospital for it some time!

'Don't stroke that little one: he's ugly,' said the attendant, as Pauline put her hand on a tiny specimen whose growls sounded like an alarm clock, so she stroked the big St. Bernard instead.

Over in the corner was a little dog constantly jumping up and down.

'He has St. Vitus' dance, and is incurable, though we had one here a while ago that was not so far along when he came, and got well,' the boy said. 'There's nothing the matter with most of them except over-eating. You see, they have too much to eat, and too little exercise.'

'Fido will not be sick, then, will he, Polly?' said Uncle Max. 'You usually see to it that he has plenty of exercise.'

Then there was a room full of cats—Angoras, Maltese, tiger cats, black cats, white cats, yellow cats and every kind of cat that one could think of.

'It's just the same with the cats as with the dogs, over-eating, usually,' the boy said.

They next went to the room where the sick horses were put. Pauline was so sorry for them all that she did not care to stay. When they came out from the hospital the rain had stopped, and the sun was trying to shine a bit before sinking in the west. 'I've had just the loveliest June walk, after all!' Pauline told Gladys Genevieve as she rocked her to sleep that night. 'But we must give Fido plenty of exercise, so he won't have to go to the hospital; and Gladys, we must not be cross about taking our baths.'—Source Unknown.

The Tame Blue Heron.

A little girl living in the Adirondacks had among many other pets a blue heron—a bird which is usually very shy—that she had tamed to eat from her hand. Every day she led him by a string to a lake near by, that he might get his own dinner of fish, as we see him in the picture—Selected.

Winnie's Happy Days.

(By L. M. Montgomery, in 'New York Observer.')

Marjorie poked her curly brown head through the hole in the fence where a board had fallen off and called:

'Winnie! Wi—nn—ie—ee!'

Winnie came as promptly as she could with the three-year old twins clinging to her. She scrambled through the hole in the board fence —it was just the size for a nine-year-old to scramble through conveniently—into the Everett back yard. The Everett back yard was ever so much nicer than the Martin back yard. The latter was strewn with broken bottles and old cans and almost every other kind of rubbish you could imagine. But the Everett back yard, small as it was, was as neat as wax. A row of current bushes ran all round it. Half of it was made up into a big flower bed, which was very bare as yet, but would blossom out into something wonderful later on. The other half was nice green grass where Marjorie could play ball and run with her kitten and have her dolls' playhouse. Whenever the two little girls wanted a talk, it was in the Everett yard they had it.

Marjorie Everett and Winnie Martin were 'p'ticular friends' and had been so, Marjorie would have told you, for 'ever and ever so long'—in short, ever since three months ago when the Martins had moved into the other end of the double tenement where the Everetts lived. Marjorie and Winnie had scraped an acquaintance through the hole in the board fence the very day of moving.

Marjorie's father and Winnie's father worked in the same big factory down town. But there is a difference in fathers, you know. Majorie could never quite understand why Winnie seemed so frightened by hers, but she knew that Mr. Martin often came home, walking in, oh, such a queer way, and talking very loud and angrily. She was very glad her father never came home like that. Majorie was not quite sure, but she thought that Mr. Martin's queer way of walking had something to do with the fact that Winnie never had any nice clothes. But Winnie never said anything about it, and Marjorie would not have mentioned it to her for worlds.

'What is it?' said Winnie. She looked very tired and pale. 'I can't stay long. Mother is busy and I have to watch the baby. Goodness, Marjorie Everett, how your eyes are shining! You look as if something awful nice had happened.'

'Well, I just should think something nice has,' answered Marjorie jumping up and down. 'Papa told mamma and me to-day that he would take us out to the country to-morrow morning to stay over Sunday at Apple Grove Farm. That's where Grandma Everett lives. Oh, but I'm glad!'

'I s'pose Apple Grove Farm is a nice place,' said Winnie wistfully.

'It's the very nicest place in the world,' said Marjorie. 'I was there twice last summer, and oh, such a good time as I had! It is apple blossom time now, and the orchards will just be white, acres and acres of them. Think of it, Winnie! And great big fields, ten times as big as this yard, to run in. And a lovely big garden full of flowers. My Cousin Della is just as nice as she can be, too. And on Sunday we'll drive to the loveliest old church on a hill among beech trees. It just makes me feel real good to go there to church. Oh, it seems as if I could hardly wait until to-morrow!'

'I never saw the country in my whole life,' said Winnie, with big tears coming into her eyes. She could not help it. She did not envy Marjorie her outing but how she wished she could go too.

'Why—Win—nie Mar—tin!' said Marjorie in surprise.

'No, really I haven't. Once father said he'd take us all out, but he—he didn't. And—I don't s'pose I'll ever get there.'

With this Winnie laid hold on the twins and fairly ran. She must get away by herself and have a little cry, there was just no other way out of it.

Marjorie went slowly back into the house, found her mother and told her the whole story.

'Can't we take Winnie with us, mamma,' she begged.

Mrs. Everett smoothed the little maiden's tumbled curls and answered soberly:

(To be continued.)

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Pencil-Tree.

Song of the Mother Whose Children Are Fond of Drawing.

Oh, could I find the forest
Where the pencil-trees grow!
Oh! might I see their stately stems
All standing in a row!
I'd hie me to their grateful shade,
In deep, in deepest bliss,
For then I need not hourly hear
A chorus such as this:—

Oh! lend me a pencil, please, Mamma!
Oh! draw me some houses and trees, Mamma!
Oh! make me a floppy
Great poppy to copy,
And a horsey that prances and gees, Mamma!

The branches of the pencil-tree
Are pointed every one
Ay! each one has a glancing point
That glitters in the sun;
The leaves are leaves of paper white,
All fluttering in the breeze.
Ah! could I pluck one rustling bough,
I'd silence cries like these:—

Oh! lend me a pencil, do, Mamma!
I've got mine all stuck in the glue, Mamma!
Oh! make me a pretty
Big barn and a city
And a cow and a steam-engine too, Mamma!

The fruit upon the pencil-tree
Hangs ripening in the sun,
In clusters bright of pocket-knives—
Three blades to every one.
Ah! might I pluck one shining fruit,
And plant it by my door,
The pleading cries, the longing sighs,
Would trouble me no more:—

Oh! sharpen a pencil for me, Mamma!
'Cause Johnny and Baby have three! Mamma!
And this isn't fine!
And Hal sat down on mine!
So do it bee-yu-ti-ful-lee, Mamma,
—The 'Youth's Companion.'

LESSON II.—JULY 9.

Hezekiah's Prayer.

Isaiah xxxviii., 1-8.

Golden Text.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Ps. xlvi., 1.

Commit verses 4-6.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 3.—Is. xxxviii., 1-8.
Tuesday, July 4.—Is. xxxviii., 9-22.
Wednesday, July 5.—II. Kings xx., 1-11.
Thursday, July 6.—II. Kings xx., 12-21.
Friday, July 7.—Ps. cxviii., 14-29.
Saturday, July 8.—II. Chron. xxxii., 24-33.
Sunday, July 9.—II. Chron. xxxvi., 14-21.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

That good sovereign, Hezekiah, the twelfth king of Judah, was in the very midst of his far-reaching reforms—reversing the evil policy of his father, both in foreign and domestic affairs. He had either witnessed the destruction of Sennacherib, or else the Assyrian invasion was just then impending. He was as yet without an heir to his throne, and being in the heydey of young manhood thought of providing for a successor seems not to have crossed his mind. At such a time the sudden announcement of his immediate demise took of the nature of a personal and national disaster. He was the last man to be spared. How could reforms proceed without him? How could the desolating tide of invasion be stayed if he did not stand in the fore?

Under the circumstances the message of Isaiah to Hezekiah seems curt, if not cruel, 'Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' But the personal relations of love and confidence which maintained between the two men make it improbable that there was anything harsh in the manner in which the message was delivered, or resentful in the way it was received.

The suffering king turned his face to the wall of his chamber. He did not wish to see or be seen. He converted the intervening space into an oratory, in which he was alone with God. There he gained a greater victory than he ever gained in counsel chamber or on battle-field. He struck the personal element from the equasion. With the self-oblivion of a lofty nature he rose above the question of profit or loss to self. He was the father of his people, and how should they do if left fatherless? He could call God to witness the integrity and self-denying record of his reign, and plead the probability that this record would be maintained to the close to the glory of God and the welfare of the people.

The test had been made. In the hotest crucible the unalloyed gold of the king's character had been proven. The grief-stricken prophet had not yet quite crossed the palace courtyard after delivering the dread message, when he was halted and bidden to recall it. Space will be given the king to consummate his reforms and defend his empire against invasion.

Concession is made to a sign-loving spirit. From the bed-chamber window the king and the prophet look down upon the terrace, where the 'step-clock' of Ahaz stands. They see a marvel. The shadow returns ten steps on the dial, which it had covered.

The ransomed king breaks out in a hymn of praise, improvised after the manner of the East, which is one of the jewels of the Old Scripture. 'He thought he must needs go hence in the noontide of his days. His abode was plucked from above him like a shepherd's tent. He had rolled up his life as a weaver cuts the cloth from the loom. But he found himself withheld from the bottomless pit. Death does not praise God. The living, the living, he praises him.'

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The Bible delights to picture its heroes not in forensic arena nor in field of battle, but in act and attitude of prayer—Abel at his altar; Noah on dripping rocks of Arrat; Moses on the heights, with Aaron and Hur holding up his weary arms; Daniel at his window, open towards Jerusalem; Peter on the housetop; Paul in Straight Street, and many others.

We have two pictures of Hezekiah at prayer; both vivid and significant. In one instance it is prayer for the nation; in the other for himself. In the latter intance, indirectly at least, it was a prayer for the nation also, and so, largely disinterested. Probably this was chiefly the ground on which it was heard.

Hezekiah had an instinct for prayer. He could pray at a moment's notice. The bird is not always flying; but it is ready to fly at an instant. We need not pray literally without ceasing; but we can be ready to spread the pinions of the soul and speed to the mercy-seat any instant.

There was, of course, an unexpressed condition in the apparently categorical message, 'Thou shalt die.'

It is an open question whether it is discreet to let persons know that death is imminent. Isaiah was sent to tell Hezekiah. He had no option in the matter.

The narrative is true to the Eastern temperament when it tells us that the doomed king wept aloud. The Orient is demonstrative. It never restrains its emotions, either of joy or sorrow.

'Set your house in order' is as good an advice for the living as for the dying. For to be ready to live, is to be ready to die.

It has been admirably said that prayer is not overcoming God's reluctance, but taking hold of his willingness.

There are great gains of going down into the valley of the shadow of death. Hezekiah was a good man before; but he was a better man and king after that experience. But the gains do not accrue arbitrarily. Many go down and return empty-handed. One needs to think and remember.

Isaiah used and honored the materia medica of his day, when he placed the poultice of figs upon the king's wound. Means are never to be discarded.

There is a good and an evil sign-seeking. Jesus discriminated between them. His evil generation asked, but really did not want any sign. Unalterably set in their prejudice, the greatest wonder would have left them unconvinced. No sign was given such.

Hezekiah, like Gideon, felt the need of some visible token, and it was not withheld. A more appropriate sign could not be conceived of The recession of the shadow meant added time.

The paragraph introduces the reader to one of the ever-living heroes of the world. Like the onyx stones on the high priests' shoulders, piety and patriotism were Isaiah's ornaments. He was a royal spirit, whether he was literally of kingly descent or not. His writing is, as ever-living as himself. Dull mind that which is not moved by it!

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 9.—Topic—The indwelling Christ. Col. ii., 6-10; iii., 8-16.

Junior C. E. Topic.

WHAT TO CHOOSE.

Monday, July 3.—Choose a blessing. Deut. xi., 26-28.

Tuesday, July 4.—Choose to serve God. Josh. xxiv., 15-21.

Wednesday, July 5.—Choose the good part. Luke x., 42.

Thursday, July 6.—Choose to repent. Deut. xxx., 1-10.

Friday, July 7.—Choose God's command. Deut. xxx., 11-14.

Saturday, July 8.—Choose life and good. Deut. xxx., 15-18.

Sunday, July 9.—Topic—What God wants us to choose. Deut. xxx., 19, 20.

It is not success, but obedience, that is the measure and conditions of a Christian's joy.—James Millar.

Dont's For Teachers.

'Don't come unprepared.'—Some teachers do. And 'tis a pity, 'tis true. But look out that it is not you. Pity the people who endure the preacher who goes to his pulpit unprepared. He is to provide them spiritual food. Have mercy on the class who have a teacher who comes unprepared on the lesson. He is to give them moral and spiritual instruction. The means for preparation are plentiful: Original study, teacher's meetings, lesson helps, collateral reading, and daily observations for practical illustrations on the lesson.

'Don't lean on your own understanding.'—If you do, you will fall and fail, for it is a fragile prop. Every teacher must seek the Holy Spirit's guidance and enlightenment. He who has given to the Word its inspiration is alone able to illumine its sacred pages and interpret it to us. Always aim to get the mind of the Spirit, and not the understanding of man. The first method will help to build up character, the other will tend to 'puff up.'—The Rev. A. Y. Haist, in the 'Evangelical S. S. Teacher.'

Bread Cast Upon the Water.

A preacher, addressing himself to Sunday-school teachers, related two instances of great encouragement, which should prove some inspiration to wearied ones of little faith. Two gentlemen met on a steamer during a Scotch excursion, and they talked with interest of many things, amongst others of Sunday-schools.

'To tell the truth,' said one, 'I am not very enthusiastic about that kind of work. I was a teacher for many years, and after all I seemed to have done no good.'

'Well, I do believe in Sunday-school work,' said the other. 'As a lad I received life-long influences for good in my old class at school;' and he named the school with which he had once been connected.

'Were you there?' cried the other; 'that was where I taught. Were you there in my time? My name is——'

'And I was your scholar. I remember you now.'

The younger man gave his name, and memories succeeded each other concerning the old school, unforgotten by both. There, side by side, stood the teacher, who believed he had done nothing and the man he had influenced for life.—'American Messenger.'

The Company it Keeps.

'An amusement is known by the company it keeps,' might be a fair variation of the old proverb. The doubtful amusements, against which the Church has uttered her voice, will always be found to have kept very bad company indeed.

The Church does not condemn arbitrarily, but on long and full evidence, harmeful recreations. They may, at times, keep good company; but in the worst times, among the most vicious people, they have most flourished.

The question, 'What sort of people are most given to this amusement, the world over?' is a fair one to put with regard to any doubtful recreation, and its answer may help us to a decision as to our own stand in the matter. —'Christian Age.'

Smothered Seed.

In the Bible class room, at the superintendent's desk, or in the pulpit there is a danger of overheaping soil on the seed of truth. Too much comment may kill out the life of the text.

To begin with, he who sows must have clearly in his mind the difference between seed and soil. The seed is the word—God's word—not man's thought upon that word. That word needs to be handled as 'seed.' It should be handled with judicious care, and not smothered with overmuch soil of explanation.—Exchange.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

JUNE.

1.
Enter ye in at the strait gate. Matt. vii., 13.
Georgina Campbell, Ada Veinette, Naomi Zwicker, Alberta M. Eisenhaur, Effie Ina M. B.

2.
If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. Matt. xvi., 24.
Hazel Mandeville, Flora V. Atkinson, Hugh Bowman.

3.
Take my yoke upon you and learn of me. Matt. xi., 29.
Nora Amelia Ross.

4.
Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them. Matt. vii., 12.
Victoria Aljoe, Alice Clough.

5.
The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace. Jas. iii., 18.
George Monck, Libbie Steinburg, Lizzie Stocks.

7.
Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Matt. v., 9.
Arthur B. Babevet.

8.
Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love. Rom. xii., 10.

10.
Bless them that persecute you: bless and curse not. Rom. xii., 14.
Grace Allan Richardson.

11.
Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Rom. xii., 21.
Ruth Stockton ,Mary Etta S.

12.
The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Rom. i., 16.
Gladys M. B. Loucks (12), Roy Allen.

13.
Be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Heb. xiii., 5.
Mary G. Bompas.

14.
To do good and to communicate forget not. Heb. xiii., 16.
Grace Eustis, Elsie A. Purrunel, Alice W. Clough, Grace C.

15.
Let the peace of God rule in your hearts. Col. iii., 15.
John Samuel Hallamne, Georgina Jefferson.

16.
Strengthened with all might, with all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness. Col. i., 11.
R. W. E. McFadden.

17.
The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Gal. vi., 18.

18.
The just shall live by faith. Heb. x., 38.
Evelyn Travias.

19.
Let us . . . come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may find grace to help in time of need. Heb. iv., 16.
Rebie E. Elder.

20.
I will give unto him that is athirst of the water of life freely. Rev. xxi., 6.
Robert Darrell, Deevor Hudspeth, Amanetta M. Hallamne.

21.
He that overcometh shall inherit all things. Rev. xxi., 7.
Alice Martin.

22.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Matt. v., 5.
Myra M. B.

24.
The God of peace . . . make you perfect in every good work to do his will working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight. Heb. xiii., 21.
Lillian G. Carter, Gertrude Patterson.

26.
Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do. Phil. ii., 12, 13.
James Archibald, Bertha Denzin.

27.
Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour. II. Pet. iii., 18.
Robena Weylie.

28.
Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. I. Pet. i., 5.
Eva M. Kemp, Nellie Bailey, Catherine McDonald, Beryl Porter, Beulah Porter, Annie K. Pitt.

29.
Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, wherewith thou art also called. I. Tim. vi., 12.
Delbert M. Robar, Myrtle R. Wood (14). Catherine McK. (13).

30.
The Lord knoweth them that are his. II. Tim. ii., 19.
Belle M. Hoar, Edna Vera Rafuse, Alexander M. Ferguson.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a drawing named 'A Drawing Lesson.' The larger girl's name is Tena. The smaller is Cora. They have each drawn a picture on their slates, that their father may see which has done the best.
G. BLISS BEAUMONT.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

OUR LABRADOR COT FUND.

C. A. Middleton Penetang, Ont., $1; A. Subscriber, Duncrief, $1; Grace Cameron, Tiverton, Ont., 25c.; Gilford and Estella Bruce, Campbellton, Ont., 25c; May Labron, Perth, Ont., 25c; Mrs. C. Arn, Bridgen, $1; M. A. McIntosh, Oxbow, 40c; Clare Allison, Gilbert's Mills, 25c; Nessie McMillan, Fox Brooke, 50c; Grace, Alice and Kittie Brackett, Gansevoort, N.Y., 30c; F. McKell, Regina, $1; Evelyn R. McLaughlin, Carlton, Ont., 50c; Louise Callbeck, Central Bedeque, 40c; A Friend, Teeswater, 10c; Alex. Jamieson, River Charlo, N. B., 50c; Two Brothers and Two Little Sisters St. Thomas, 70c; Mr. A., 10c; M. E. G., Rockwood, $1; Little Friends, Lacombe, Alta., 60c; L. I. McDonald, West Bay, $1.75; Melvyn B. Slemmon, Ethel, Ont., 50c; Adelaide A. Ching, Red Point, P.E.I., 20c; Eva G. Webb, Wallace Bay, N.S., 10c; Evelyn Earle, Warburton, 25c; Mrs. Merrick, Mitchell Square, 25s; Isa Sinclair, Innisfail, Alta., $1; D. McKillop, Claveland, C.B., $1.50; E. G. Weaver, Doaktown, 30c; Maud Belyea, Royal Oak, 10c; R. T. Barclay, Campbellton, $2; Gladys Kilburn, Macinnac, 60c; Henry Rosner, Aylmer, 50c; Katie Bryson, Wyoming, $1; Mrs. W. Brooks, Franklin Centre, 25c; Mrs. B. Pennington, Franklin Centre, 25c; Mrs. Dunn, Franklin Centre, 25c; Miss Emma Brooks, Franklin Centre, 10c; Miss Edna Gordon, Franklin Centre, Mrs. C. Grimshaw, Franklin Centre, 25c; E. H. Hicks, Valcartier Village, 50c; total, $21.85.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Washing Day.' Marjory Armour, A. M., Ont

2. 'A Drawing Lesson. B. Bliss Beaumont (10), C., N.B.

3. 'Opportunity.' Ethel Hamilton (13), N. B., Iowa.

4. 'Milking the Cow.' Gilbert Hamilton, N. B., Iowa.

5. 'My Bicycle.' Frank White (7), L., Que.

6. 'Why don't you say "danks?"' N. E. S., at W., P.E.I.

No. 1 is another of Marjory Armour's pictures. Her subjects are good.

No. 2 is very nicely explained in the young artist's letter, as is also No. 3. In the latter the fishes are called knowledge, honor and $ respectively.

In No. 4 it looks a little as if the boy were scolding the cow but the lines near the boy's mouth evidently belong to the cow.

No. 5 is drawn by a boy of only seven years old.

No. 6 is another of those action pictures which we all enjoy. But the front legs of the cow are not quite natural, are they?—Cor. Ed.

Temperance Work in Austria.

It is but a few years since Austria first awaked to the need of temperance reform, but already in some of their methods Austrian workers can give pointers to those in lands where the temperance movement has long been established.

Not very long since Count Kielmansegg instructed the police authorities to assist the Workingmen's Aid Society in the distribution of a million pamphlets entitled 'Away with Alcohol.' Every policeman will personally supervise the distribution of the pamphlets on his beat. It tries to prove that every sixteenth man that dies in Austria dies from what is popularly known in the hospitals as 'beer heart, viz., fatty degeneration of the heart, and points out that, according to official statistics, 92 percent of the inhabitants of the Austrian insane asylums recruit themselves from drinking people.

In view of the unquestionable fact that the use of alcohol is at the bottom of most of the crimes that call for the action of our police forces, it is doubtful whether the latter could be any better employed than in distributing anti-alcoholic literature.

Liquor and the Poor-house.

A good teetotal story that has taken a variety of forms was told by Mr. N. F. Woodbury, the Maine representative of the Prohibition National Committee, when talking about the political fights for total abstinence that have from time to time stirred up his State. 'I remember a village,' said Mr. Woodbury, 'where the contests on the liquor question were always very hot. There was one liquor saloon in the village, and a week before a certain election a placard as big as the entire front of the house was raised before it. This enormous placard said in huge red letters, "If the Prohibition law passes, this house will be closed." But in the dead of night odd noises were heard, and the next morning the enormous placard covered the whole front of the village poor-house.'—Exchange.

Shall the Weak Brother Perish?

(The Rev. Edward C. Ray, D.D., in the New York 'Observer.')

Cain does not care whether the weak brother perishes or not. He is in fact ready to help him perish. Cain has only Cain's interests at heart; and he wears his heart on his sleeve. 'Let the fool look out for himself!' he cries. Cain did not know, as we do, that Christ who died for us, died also for the weak brother. Perhaps, if he had known, he would not have killed Abel; but we cannot be sure, for there are to-day some who know and who yet are ready to help the weak brother to perdition.

It is a jolly crowd, looking upon the wine when it is red and giveth its color in the cup, and transferring the redness to their countenances and eyes. They laugh and sing and joke—not always very plainly—then they dance and reel about, and then sleep peacefully on the bed or the floor or in the gutter. Their good friends, their wives and children, do not get so much pleasure out of it; and they themselves do not always, after a time. It is not wonderful that people go that way; it is human nature. The marvel is the power the Spirit of Christ has to save millions from that destroying way.

And another marvel is this: That one for whom Christ died, and who accepts salvation through that wondrous gift of love, should actually exhibit the spirit of Cain instead of the spirit of Christ. What shall we say of him? Let us say nothing; Paul himself does not judge him; but he begs him to think this thing out seriously, and to ask himself as Christ's man, 'Shall the weak brother perish, for whom my Saviour died?' What did Christ do for him? Died. What shall I do for him? The answer given by one's daily habits would seem to go far to decide what spirit one is of, yet it may be that ignorance, not wickedness, is the explanation. Therefore let us try to make it plain to every saved soul that to him is given this wondrous privilege, to be a saviour of the weak with his Saviour. The Rev. Richard S. Holmes, D.D., the gifted editor of 'The Westminster,' puts it this way in one of his recent 'Short Sermons for Busy People':

No place for self in Christianity, except at the altar of sacrifice.

An idol is nothing, says Paul.

A glass of wine is nothing, says Moderate Drinker.

But idolatry is sin, says Paul.

The wine-glass is also sin, says the world. I can eat meat offered to idols without harm, says Paul; and he adds, but I will not, lest my example harm.

I can drink wine, says Moderate Drinker, without harm; and he adds, and I will, example or no example.

Shall I help destroy a brother for whom Christ died? says Paul. Not while the world stands.

Shall I never build a fire, because some fool builds one and burns to death? says Moderate Drinker. For all him I will do as I please.

Under whose lead will you go, busy one; Paul's or Moderate Drinker's?

The Burning of Daleside Mill.

(J. Hanmer Quail, in the 'Alliance News.')

Dalesside Mill was on fire. Dense volumes of smoke rolled through the valley and along the main street of the town, obscuring the houses, and nearly blinding women and children as they hurried on towards the mill, where husbands and sons, brothers and sisters, earned their daily bread.

'The mill! The mill! It's afire! afire!' came the terrified cries out of the stifling smoke.

The fine mill was doomed. The fire began in the store-room on the ground floor, and in a moment one huge, cruel tongue of living flame seemed to lick up everything, and to dart in vindictive fury up to the spinning-room above. Wild and piercing cries rang from room to room. Women and girls rushed in terror to the door which opened to the iron fire ladder, which hung like strands of a gigantic spider's web by the side of the mill.

'Down! down! get out! down wi' yo',' rose the cries as the workers crowded about the doorway.

The ladder was narrow and open. From the dizzy height of the top landing the descent was perilous.

'Go down! go down! We'll be burnt! we'll be burnt!' cried the panic stricken women as they pressed forward, eager to reach the ladder.

The rooms were filled with dense and pungent smoke. The roar of the flames; the crackling of glass and timber, and the shouts of the people in the yard below struck terror to the women and girls, as trembling, they slowly made their way down the light ladders. From the foot of the lowermost ladder to the landing of the top floor there was one long, palpitating line of human life.

A loud scream rang from the second floor landing. There was a block. The people were crowding on to the ladder from that room.

'Go on! Go on! Get down! Get down!' came the excited cries from the room.

Piercing shrieks rose from the crowded ladder as two girls, crushed from their slender foot-hold, fell, with wild, despairing cries, to the ground. Another piercing scream and a woman fell. She struck the ground with an ominous thud, and rolled over once, and then lay motionless.

Onward, upward swept the fire, gripping the floors, frames, cotton, everything inflammable, in its ruthless grasp. The fire brigade had arrived, and worked bravely, but they were as so many pigmies trying to quench a flaming volcano. No human power could have checked the upward surge of that vast mass of devouring flame.

The first floor and then the second floor cracked and rent, and then crashed down into the fiery abyss with a sound which made brave men cringe. As men and women stood awe-stricken, watching the angry, leaping flames, the roof seemed to curl up and then to crumble into a thousand fragments, and with a more terrible crash than all it fell into the seething gulf below.

In two short hours Daleside Mill had changed from a scene of busy, smiling, and prosperous industry to a dismal and smoking ruin.

The people of Daleside stood in groups, gazing at the blackened and smouldering mass, and ever and anon there were heard the anxious questions:—'How did it happen?' 'What caused the fire?'

'It began in the stock-room, where there was no fire and nothing to make fire. Somebody set the mill on fire, that's plain,' said Maurice Gleave, the bookkeeper.

The people agreed that someone had set the mill on fire. They were dependent on the mill for their daily bread. Now, as it was a ghastly, blackened ruin, their work was at an end. Truly a calamity had overtaken the erstwhile prosperous and smiling little town. Three girls had fallen from the ladders in the crush and haste to escape, and Peter Bigland, who was in charge of No. 2 room, had been badly burned in saving a girl who had tried to escape by the staircase.

'The mill was set on fire by somebody. We have got to find out who did it,' said Maurice Gleave again.

'Aye, and then hang him.'

'Too good for 'im.'

'Not a bit. We'll 'ang 'im.'

'We'n getten t' find 'im first.'

'Aye, an' then——'

''Ang 'im! 'ang 'ih!'

'All who says 'ang 'im, ho'd up your 'ands.'

William Bradwell's right hand was thrust up high, as he appealed to those who had been his fellow-workers at the mill.

'Ten—twenty-thirty-fifty hands went up in registration of the vow that the workers would find out who had set the mill on fire, and then execute stern and summary justice on the culprit.

Mr. Clayton Bristowe, the owner of Daleside Mill, sat in the dining-room of Thornby Hall, his pleasant house, which nestled in the trees a quarter of a mile beyond the mill. He was calculating the loss which he had suffered by the burning of the mill. Mrs. Bristowe sat near her husband, mechanically turning over the leaves of a new book which had come from town that afternoon. She could not read. In mind she was sharing her husband's trouble. He looked up.

'It means ruin. The insurance people are disputing the claim; they say the mill was fired wilfully,' Mr. Bristowe said, with a gravity which told of despair.

'Oh, Clayton! who could be so wicked as to do that?' Mrs. Bristowe asked, with a look of pain.

'They all say it was set on fire, and I think it was. The fire began in the stock-room. There was nothing there to cause fire. It must——'

Mr. Bristowe stopped. There was a knock at the room door. In a moment a maid entered and informed him that Peter Bigland had sent to ask if Mr. Bristowe would go over to his cottage to see him.

Peter—Old Peter, they called him—had gone down the inner staircase when the fire was at its height to save a girl who, in her fright, had gone that way. Peter had snatched her out of the searing flame, and with clothing on fire had carried her back and saved her. He was badly burned about the hands and face, and the girl was burned too, but he had saved her. They took her to the hospital, but he would go to his own home, the old cottage on the side of the valley, in which he had been born. Peter wanted to see his master. He had something to tell him.

'I would go, Clayton; it must be about the fire,' Mrs. Bristowe said, anxiously.

'I will go at once,' her husband replied. Hurriedly arranging his papers he rose from his chair and left the room.

(To be continued.)

Flags! Flags! Flags!

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Montreal, Que.

HOUSEHOLD.

Summer at the Old Home.

(Lena Griswold Browne, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

'Tis summer at the old home now,
And o'er my senses steal
The richest, tenderest memories,
That seem a dream—yet real;
The breath of new-mown hay is borne
Across the meadows sweet,
And there I loiter long again
With tired reluctant feet.

'Tis summer at the old home now,
Oh, how my pulses thrill!
I lie amid the fragrant bloom
Beside the waters still;
I wander 'neath the orchard shade
And down the narrow lane
To meet the 'bossies' coming home—
'Tis milking time again.

'Tis summer at the old home now,
And 'neath the attic roof
I list the sobbing of the pines
With haughty heads aloof;
And then a shower of golden rain
Comes pattering overhead,
And 'neath the eaves a callow bird
Is crying to be fed.

'Tis summer at the old home now,
The harvest time is here,
And fields on fields of golden grain
Are waving far and near.
The creaking waggons homeward turn
The wheat is stored away,
And father's voice rings cheerily—
'We've bread for many a day!'

'Tis summer at the old home now—
Alas! I did but dream,
For four square walls and acres broad
Make not a 'home,' I deem;
For home is where the heart is found,
And loved ones kind and true,
And these, alas! all these are gone,
And I have wandered, too.

'Tis summer at the old home now,
But only strangers' eyes
Drink in their fill of beauty
From earth and air and skies;
And father's voice of right good cheer
Is never heard again,
While strangers' hands are gathering in
The wealth of golden grain.

'Tis summer at the old home now—
Ah, friend, you know the scene,
Your brimming eyes the story tell
Of such a home, I ween!
And memory weaves a golden web
While all your pulses thrill,
For heart and ear are hungering
For voices that are still.

'Tis summer at the old home now,
The sweet home 'Over There,'
For never winter's chilling blast
Sweeps o'er those uplands fair;
'Tis summer at the old home now,
Where 'many mansions' be,
And those long loved and 'lost a while'
Are beckoning you and me.

'Tis summer at the old home now,
We're facing toward the west—
For weary feet awaits a street
Within the city blest;
Let memory weave the magic spell,
And some glad morn our eyes
Shall catch the glow of pearly gates—
The Homestead in the skies!

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Two Sewing-room Hints.

Pieces for Patches.—Sew a piece of the goods to the waistband of wash dresses that it may have the same washing as the dress, and when necessary, makes a less noticeable patch than the bright, new piece.

When Shirring.—The popularity of shirring gives timeliness to the hint of a friendly seamstress. Use two needles, she says, running two rows together. This prevents much handling of the goods, and is more rapid. The same method may be used with success in running a braid flat on a skirt.

Selected Recipes.

Strawberry Saracen.—Take strawberries, thin slices of toast, sugar, butter. Butter the toast generously and line with it the bottom and sides of a china dish which can be set in the oven. The pieces of toast, made of stale bread and cut quite thin, should be very well dried in toasting. Trim them so as to fit the dish nicely. Fill the remaining space with stemmed strawberries, packed closely. Sift plenty of sugar over and among the berries, and set in a moderate oven for thirty minutes or until the fruit has melted a good deal and settled. It will be found that they melt away so much that the dish must not only be packed, but heaped, or it will not look well when done. Serve very cold with thick cream.

Rice Buns.—Cream two ounces of butter with two ounces of castor sugar. Mix together a quarter-pound of rice flour and two ounces of ordinary flour; then add half the flour and one egg, then the rest of the flour, a little vanilla essence, and another egg, and half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Fill well-greased patty-pans two-thirds full with the mixture, and bake in a good oven for a quarter of an hour. These are nice tea table dainties.

Macaroons.—Blanch half a pound of almonds, and dry in the oven; then pound finely, moistening with the whites of egg. When the almonds are in a fine taste, add half a pound of powdered sugar and one lemon (grated); work all till nicely mixed and perfectly smooth. Form the macaroons by dropping pieces the size of a walnut upon a buttered baking-tin. Cook in a moderate oven until they have taken a beautiful tint. Let the macaroons cool before taking from the tin.

Strawberry Sponge Cakes.—Beat two cups granulated sugar and the yolks of six eggs together. Add the six whites beaten stiff, two cups pastry flour, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, sifted twice, and lastly two tablespoons boiling water. Bake in two long baking tins. Make a soft frosting with one cup granulated sugar, half a cup of milk boiled until it strings. Pour it into a bowl and add one teaspoon flour. Beat until thick enough to spread. Take one cake from the tin, spread with frosting and cover with halved strawberries; dust with sugar, and put the other cake on top. Cover with sugared strawberries.—'New England Homestead.'

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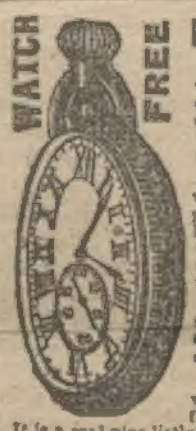

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